









# VOICES *of* PEACE

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## Renaissance

Leaves are falling, high winds calling with wild and mournful cry;  
Mist surrounding, fog enshrouding steal from earth the sky—  
My eyes, borrowing from earth's sorrowing, weep to see autumn die.

Men are falling, grim Death calling with staccato bursts of flame;  
Murder in person places its curse on bodies, with deadly aim—  
Autumn and I wither and die as war and winter maim.

But months shall pass and foliage mass to put this year's to scorn;  
The winds that slew but helped renew the fair earth they had shorn—  
What eyes can't heal at fresh appeal of dewy world reborn?

Aye, months shall pass and peace amass its souls magnificent:  
The slain buy life with bloodiest strife for future, with no stint—  
Though dear the price, their sacrifice buys spring omnipotent!

L. HORNE, *Literary Adviser*

*(Awarded first prize in the North Carolina State Poetry Contest, May 1, 1945)*



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## The Folks

The family's got some right nice people in it, I think. 'Course I'd naturally think so because I've been living with them all my life and I'm kinda used to 'em, but the neighbors must think so too for they stay over here most of the time. The preacher walked in the other day and said what a nice family we had with all these red-headed children and Mama was so mad because she hasn't got any red-headed children. She told Mrs. Macy to keep Nellie and Pemberton home so that folks wouldn't think she had any red-headed children. She doesn't like red-headed children. Hasneny got so lonesome though that Mama said they could come back and play with him if they wouldn't sprawl on the floor when we had visitors and look like they lived with us. Hasneny's the little brother in the family. That's not really his name but Percy Lilliput is too long to call him and Percy's too sissy and Lillie or Lilliput sounds like a girl. Mama knew when she named him that he would have to have a nickname but she thought she'd wait and see what turned up. One time when Hasneny was a baby Rue said that he hadn't any teeth, and she started singing "Hasn't any," "Hasn't any," and pretty soon it came out "Hasneny," so that's where he got his name Mama was waiting for. Rue's the little sister in the family. Everybody think's her name is Ruth, but it's Mary Lu. Hasneny can't say his r's so he calls her Rue and that's her name. Mama says maybe Hasneny can't say his r's, but he says some right cute things. The other day it was raining and he was looking at Mrs. Moore's furniture out on the lawn and he said didn't Mrs. Moore know it was raining on her chairs and hadn't she better bring them in the house and Mama said maybe she didn't know it was raining and Hasneny said well couldn't she hear the tears falling on them and we all thought that was so smart. Mama was telling it at her book club meeting just about to bust with pride but she got choked on a lemon seed in the punch she was drinking and everybody beat her on the back and she went flying out the front door and when she came back everybody said what did she do that for and she said because she had to have some air. Pappy's right cute too but he hates to be called Pappy so we always do. He was sick yesterday and Rue cried all day because she thought he was gonna die. I knew he wasn't, though, because he cussed too loud all day. He's not like that 'cept when he's sick or one of us is hurt. Like the time Hasneny fell on his tricycle and Rue said what did he do that for and didn't he know he ought not to go falling around off tricycles and then she looked at him and fainted because his mouth was bleeding. Hasneny's a good name for him now because the front two teeth are gone and they won't grow back till he's six years old the doctor says. Hasneny doesn't mind because he never did like to brush his teeth.

Yes, I like our family, but we aren't always so nice. The other day I heard Mama tell Pappy that if he didn't stop making it a point to write down the number of buttons missing from his shirts every week and putting the list right under the calendar on her desk where she had to look at it she was going to stop speaking to him. Pappy said why didn't she sew them on then so that he wouldn't have to keep reminding her and Mama got so mad I thought she was gonna pop because the whole time she was saying that she was sitting right there in front of him sewing buttons on his shirts as hard as she could. Finally Rue told him to look what Mama was doing and Pappy told Mama he was sorry and besides he didn't think he could make any more lists because Rue and Hasneny had a funeral and buried all the pencils. Rue said that she couldn't see that it mattered about the pencils because all the points were broken so she thought they were dead and when things are dead they have to be buried don't they? Pappy said yes he guessed so but Mama said they didn't have to bury the little "sick-calling" bell too because what would we do when somebody got sick and didn't have a bell to call anybody with. Rue and Hasneny said they didn't know



they would go and get the bell if they could but they couldn't remember where they had the funeral that day. That's when I got mad because I was the biggest and I had to go out and dig up the whole back end of the row of petunias looking for the bell and after about an hour Rue came and told me that she remembered that they hadn't buried it at all but had just used it for the funeral music and that it was on the buffet in the dining room where it belonged. I played like I was mad so Rue gave me two pieces of chocolate candy she had hidden in her closet but I really wasn't mad because I was so tired when I came in Mama said I wouldn't have to dry the dishes after supper. I was going in the living room to read the funnies while Rue and Mama were doing the dishes but Pappy was already stretched out on the couch working the cross-word and when I sat in the rocker Hasneny said to get out because I was sitting on his teddy bear. He knew as well as I did that there was no teddy bear in that chair but Pappy said since he thought there was for me not to sit on him so I went in the bedroom and fell on the bed. After I moved one of Rue's tinker toys I felt better and wondered what to do. I decided to write a book about the family but Mama came in then to put Hasneny in the tub and she was mad because Rue had broken two glasses and Aunt Sara's cup. She said what was I doing and I said writing a book about the family and she said I couldn't do any such thing because it was bad enough with the neighbors' gossip going on about us all the time and especially since Aunt Lucy had a new husband for them to criticize. I said I wasn't going to write about Aunt Lucy's new husband and she said that's fine and go see what Hasneny was yelling about. I said all right, but maybe some day I would write a book about the family so if you ever read a book about Hasneny and Rue and Pappy and Mama and me you'll know I wrote it. There wasn't a thing wrong with Hasneny but he had soap in his eyes.

DOROTHY SWAIN

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## Education

Sunlight on ivy-covered walls,  
Bird calls and trickling water songs,  
Musty books and dreams of life—  
Youth drinks its wine in doubt.

ELEANOR CRAIG

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## Junior

"Margie, what am I going to do about Junior? Do you know what he did this morning? He took all my vanishing cream and rubbed it over that—that detestable old dog of his to see if his spots would vanish! Imagine—my expensive cold cream smeared over a dog!" Mrs. Smith, much agitated, fell across her bed with a sigh.

"Margie, dear," her voice continued weakly, "bring me an aspirin and some cold water, please!"

Her daughter hurried out to get the aspirin, seething with righteous indignation at her little brother. She could hardly wait to get her hands on him! The little rogue!

After taking her mother the aspirin and seeing that she was comfortable, Margie grabbed a sweater from her bed and started out determinedly to find Junior. She ran downstairs and out the back door, slamming it after her. The sight of Junior sitting quietly on the ground brought her up short. Junior—quiet? She advanced upon the object of her anger stealthily, planning to attack from the rear. When she had almost reached her unsuspecting victim he said quietly, "That you, Margie? I was hoping you'd come out—look!"

Automatically, Margie took the object from his small extended hand. Her anger melted away and her eyes stung with sudden emotion. The small object she held was a heart,



laboriously carved from a thick piece of pine bark and with her initials, gloriously red, carved across it. No matter that the beautiful red initials were colored with her best polish. No, the touching fact was that Junior, that small bundle of energy and dynamite, had devoted the entire morning to fixing this for her. Her throat was so choked up that she couldn't speak: so she merely reached in her pocket for a quarter. She felt faint misgivings when she saw the brightness of his eyes as he gazed on his newfound wealth, but pushed them out of her mind as unworthy.

Handing him the money, she told him to go get a chocolate soda—his favorite—with all the goo he wanted. Watching his sturdy little figure running down the street, she felt a tender surge of emotion and thought that she'd never loved him so much. With a sigh, she picked up the knife he'd been using and went into the house.

The spell, however, was quickly broken when she went into the kitchen. The Smiths' cook, Aunt Lila, who had been with them for over fifteen years, was singing hymns at the top of her voice—a sure sign that she was mad. Her voice broke on a dangerously high note and she burst out explosively, "Why, Miss Margie, ah never thought you'd take mah knife! Lawsy me, mah best butcha knife and you'se ruined the blade! I'se 'shamed of you, Miss Margie, ah really is!"

"Hey, now, Aunt Lila, wait a minute. I didn't have your knife. Junior had it, but don't you dare say a word about it to Mother! The little darling spent the whole morning making this for me! Look!" Margie said, holding out the little heart.

"Well, ah'll have to hand it to him," started Lila, in a deceptively gentle voice, "he's the smartest little rascal ah eber saw. Ah heered him telling his Ma dis mawning dat he done spent all his 'lowance. Yes'm, he's a smart un, all right."

After looking up at Margie to see if she'd succeeded in getting the last word, she burst out into song again, satisfied with her victory.

Her song, "Lawd, Dese Sinners Has Got to Pay," composed by herself for the occasion, followed Margie as she went upstairs slowly—wondering now if brotherly love or poverty had prompted Junior's kind act. By the time she'd reached her room, however, she'd forgotten all her half-formed suspicions; and, as she dressed for her date that night, her sisterly love for Junior was still uppermost in her thoughts. Hearing the doorbell's ring announcing Johnny's arrival, she pushed her darling brother from her mind and concentrated on combing her hair.

She smiled as, going downstairs, she heard her young brother's solemn company voice. So he was entertaining Johnny for her, huh? Oh, but wait—what was that he just said?

The voice drifted up the stairs—"... and so I figure it'll be worth about two bits for me to kinda keep myself out of your way tonight! Get me?"

"Oh!" Margie's shocked ejaculation could be heard for two blocks as she ran back upstairs, her face burning with shame. "The rat! Mother, something has got to be done about Junior! Do you know what he just did—!"

ANNAIONETTE BOBBITT





## The Loneliness of Noise

Tonight, this quiet summer eve,  
I stand and gaze upon the street;  
The summer breeze from off the lake  
Across my face blows cool and sweet.

The street lights carve out misty arcs  
For row on row of city block—  
Distantly I hear the chimes  
Of modest town hall's Big Ben clock.

The neon sign on a corner near-by,  
So gaudy, so gay against the night,  
Sheds upon the boxwood hedge  
Its glaring, egotistic light.

The cars are shuttling back and forth,  
The red lights blink on—off—to green;  
While on a distant boulevard  
I hear a raucous siren scream.

Despite the noise of city street  
The street car's rumble, the siren's moan,  
I stand beside my window dark  
And feel so desperately alone.

Yet on a quiet country night  
(It seems, to me, almost a joke),  
I have no fear of night because  
I hear a bullfrog's friendly croak.

BARBARA DANTZLER

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## Hattie's Hands

God has created many beautiful things—blue skies, fiery sunsets, stars in the eyes of a young girl in love, the grin on the face of a dirty little boy waving at the engineer on the north-bound freight, clumps of purple violets in spring sunshine—His beauty is everywhere. Yet, perhaps he has created nothing more beautiful than hands. Much has been written about hands; much more will be written. I should like only to say a little about one pair.

These hands belong to a Negro . . . her name is Hattie. Hattie still lives up on "the hill" near home, tending to her children, her grandchildren, and her great-grandchildren. She was our cook . . . and there's no one who can bake a better lemon pie than she. The meringue never falls!

Hattie came to us in September before I—the baby in a family of six—was born in February. She had never had an easy life. Her hands were well used to lye soap and biscuit dough long before she was old enough to finish grammar school—if they had much school for little Negro children in those days. She washed clothes and cooked for the white folks around. After awhile, she married Tom and took care of him most of her time. Then there were her children to look after as well. They always seemed to need money for school books and for the boy's old car.



When I was three, not quite four, my mother died. Hattie just sort of took things over then. My aunts helped—but Hattie was always there. Her hands were full. Six growing children is a pretty big crowd to wash and cook for: knickers always get so dirty at the knees and baby dresses are hard to keep white. Perhaps that is why one of her fingers is stiff now—the doctor never could get it out straight.

Because I was the baby, she spoiled me; but she spanked me too. She'd spank any of us if we needed it and tell us exactly what to do. Her hands were hard then. They made excellent paddles.

But they were just as good at making biscuits that were fluffy and light. Hattie would let me sit on the zinc-topped kitchen table and put my fingers in the dough. She never told Daddy, who might have noticed a peculiar flavor.

Her arms were strong and steady, perfect for rocking a baby to sleep by the fire. And as the baby became a young girl, those arms were just as good to run into with secret sorrows and fears. Comfort and peace were there.

Money slipped through her fingers like sand. She had to pay fines for her boy. And the man from the store and the insurance man were always around to collect. I would stop Lad's barking long enough to call, "Hattie! the man's here!" She would answer, "All right, Miss Marcy"—that was her name for me—and go back in the kitchen, unpin a little bag from under her apron, and take out a few cents to pay the man. She kept up all kinds of insurance, burial and life—for Tom, and the children, and herself. Tom's burial insurance was used one summer day, and Hattie married again on All Hallow's Eve.

Hattie wants a big "burying" when her time comes, with a hearse, a shiny coffin lined with quilted satin, Reverend Huggins, pretty flowers, and mourners. We hope it will be a long time off. It would seem so strange to see Hattie's hands lying still, folded on her breast. They were not made to be idle.

MARTHA JANE PEARSALL

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## Spring Magic

She was in truth  
The queen of seasons come and gone,  
Regally holding  
Youthfulness.

Her smile was such  
That all the world rejoiced again,  
Seeing her beauty  
Radiant.

In brief short months  
With fleeting touch she brought new life,  
Making, creating  
Magic for men.

She had the charm  
Of one who, knowing time is short,  
Molds into being  
Loveliness.

MARGARET BROOKS



## “A Deep Dream of Peace”

*“Abou Ben Adhem . . . awoke one night from  
a deep dream of peace . . .”*

LEIGH HUNT

*May, 1912.* This morning when I opened my eyes, the sunshine was streaming through the curtains of my one window. The rays seemed to have penetrated my soul, for I felt calmness and joy—a fact that may at first seem strange when I repeat my dream of last night.

I was back in the war, fighting those same battles which never seemed to end. I enlisted two days before we fired on Fort Sumter and did not wait long before I was in the midst of actual battle. The suspense was maddening, for we knew that the Rebels were near-by; and we were waiting, eternally waiting, for the firing to begin. It came soon enough, starting like low rumblings of thunder which developed into an unleashed storm. Bullets whizzed overhead in the leaves, cannons boomed, smoke clouds grew thicker, finally enveloping us and everything in sight. The two armies moved closer and closer together until with one vast surge forward, we were locked in hand-to-hand combat. I realized even then, as I struggled to preserve life, the horror of warring against those of my own blood. The yells of charging men, the red gaping wounds of fallen horses, the screams of the dying impressed upon me a horror from which I can never recover. When I saw at that time what man was doing, I thought that I could never believe in him again.

In my dream I saw clearly the whole picture of that last battle on one colorless, wintry day when I was wounded. It was late afternoon at the time I fell, and when I stirred again, the gray dawn was just breaking over a silent battlefield. Lying in the mud, in the rain, in the bitter cold, I slowly gained consciousness. After awhile I heard a movement behind me and turned around, though not without great difficulty. Stumbling towards me from the patch of woods to the south was the figure of a soldier. The first thing I noticed was the color of his uniform, and probably more from habit than from instinct I reached to my side. But there was no need, for the Rebel seemed to be seriously hurt and dropped to the ground not more than two yards from me. Turning his head, he looked at me for a moment and began to speak—not without interruptions. He explained how he had become lost from his division and that he was trying to get out of enemy territory back to camp where he could be taken to a hospital. For an instant something gleamed in his dark eyes; and after a pause of some length, he asked me if I would come along.

I knew that it would mean being taken a prisoner, but I could not care very much. Considering my condition, there was nothing to do but to go. I raised myself several inches, feeling sure that I would be disabled for life—if I lived. The Rebel soldier (his name was Stephen) forced himself up, began to walk forward, then came back to support me. I remember now the completely helpless feeling I had. After the experience of the next few days and nights I was beyond feeling. But somehow we reached the camp and were taken to the hospital. That was all that mattered. I gave up the fight to hold on to the little life in me, for I was completely in the doctor's hands. My faculties were not completely gone, however: I remember wondering where Stephen was.

In my dream I re-lived all those days which now seem so far away. The fact that in reality I was a prisoner-of-war seldom entered my mind. I was sitting on the hospital porch again, and I heard the flapping of the pigeons' wings as they flew to their resting places under the leaves. I watched them as they flew from this tree to that one or as they hopped along in the grass with their burnished feathers glinting in the sun. The tall, stone columns which dominated the front of the building were white in the morning light. The



buds on the little magnolia bush were beginning to open, and three of the velvet-soft petals were lying on the ground. In contrast to the dark, glossy leaves of the magnolia bush and of the ivy were the lighter green leaves of the trees. Everything in my dreams was just as it was when I sat on the hospital porch every afternoon with Stephen. There was little apparent life about us and no noises except the sound of our voices when we were animatedly discussing topics which interested us.

Stephen and I had much in common, though he was just as pure a Southerner as I a Northerner. From the very first I had felt no hostility towards him; and as the days went on a strong friendship grew up between us. He told me about his home and family, about his work, about things he did every day, about Sally, about the kind of home he and Sally were planning to have when he came back from the war. I think Stephen came nearer to understanding life than anyone I have ever known.

I was recovering rapidly, but one April day Stephen died. It was as though something inside me was gone, and I was quite stunned, for I had never imagined Stephen dead. But his death did not affect me as death had always done before. Death had not cut off a life lived in vain, for Stephen's life had meant something. The memory of that day holds no sorrow for me.

I awakened suddenly. My dream was complete, and yet it ended abruptly as if to signify that no great good could come out of musing too long in the past.

I think I began to live during those days at the hospital, and that is why I can look *forward* to each tomorrow. My fondest hope is to go back some day and see this place of which I dreamed last night; perhaps I can attend my granddaughter's graduation exercises next year. It seems utterly fantastic that the hospital is now a college—a *girls'* school, where grey and blue now are merely colors of feminine costumes.

RUTH HUNT HARPER

### Coming of the Storm

There are low mutterings in the distance.  
 I stand alone—alone, and yet not lonely,  
     under an ominous sky.  
 My feet are firm on the solid warmth  
     of the concrete walk—  
     warmth remaining from the heat  
     of the day's summer sun.  
 It is dark though the sky is lighted for brief moments  
     by a kind of celestial but vicious glory.  
 The lightning plays behind a tossing sea of clouds.  
 The wind is strong and fresh against my face;  
     it whips my skirt against bare legs,  
     blows particles of stinging sand into my eyes.  
 I feel the touch of the first raindrops;  
     they grow heavier and I turn again to the house.  
 The house—it is warm and safe there,  
     the lights are bright, the chair is comfortable—  
 But that feeling of wild freedom, of escape, is gone.  
 My brother calls "It is late. Come to bed."

MARTHA JANE PEARSALL





### The Twenty-Third Psalm

Sergeant Donnivan Edward Yula, 32756487, Company D, 1st Platoon, of the United States Army, lay on the barren ground of a bloody battlefield somewhere in France. A chaplain crawled up beside him, shook his head, then motioned to the stretcher bearers to move on. They weren't needed here. As he moved on we might have heard him say, "May God grant you peace, my son."

Don had been a little fellow when his parents came over from the old country, just after the first World War. He grew up like all the other boys in this young America of ours, sturdy and strong, making the football team his first year of college. In Camden his father ran the corner grocery and was always pleasant to all who went there. In Don's third year of college, Pearl Harbor came; and, although he was studying to be an engineer, he enlisted in the army. Don worked hard and rose to the rank of sergeant before he went across to our mother country, England.

On the boat going over to France he kept repeating the Twenty-third Psalm, which his mother had taught him when he was a little tot. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Yes, he understood about the Lord being his Shepherd, but what did it mean, "I shall not want?" Did it mean he should not want for anything as long as he believed in the Lord? That must be the answer. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." His thoughts were cut short by the shrill blowing of the boat whistle, which meant a submarine had been sighted. Don huddled up against the cold steel bulkhead of the troop ship for safety. To him it seemed as though hours had passed when finally the all-clear sounded. All the other boys were thinking how lucky they were not to have been seen and what a close call it was; but Don was thinking, "He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake." Of course He had led the ship in the right path and, in previous years, Don also. Don had done nothing of which he should be ashamed. When his mother died, he had been tempted by the fellows to drink; he had to admit he took one or two after that. But one day upon going to church and feeling close to God, he promised to give up drinking, and he kept his word.



They were at last across the rough English Channel and on French soil. Officers were loudly shouting orders, and Don's thoughts of that day were postponed because he had no time for thinking to himself. In fact, it was many more weeks before he ever found time for his personal thoughts again. They were on the move all the time, getting nearer and nearer the front every day.

At last they reached the front—death struck with every round of ammunition fired. The foxholes had an unbearable stench; cannons were roaring day and night; machine guns fired constantly; these and many other noises such as screams of the dying drove one slowly insane. The order was given to go over the top and kill every enemy in sight.

Don scrambled up onto the muddy field, crawling along slowly. He prayed to himself. Then it came to him, that fourth verse: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." That gave him more courage and made him feel a lot better, to know that God was there and would be there no matter what happened. He felt prepared to face the battle.

The combat reached a roaring climax and then there was a lull for a few seconds. Don took up his thoughts again. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies"—that was as far as he got. He never could say, "My cup runneth over," because a few fragments from a bomb which burst near him entered his body; and Don died with a smile on his lips.

Suddenly, though, the heavens opened, and there was a burst of angel voices singing "Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life"; and, as a bright, soft ray of warm light shone on Don's body, an angel-spirit took his hand. They drifted up—far above the dust and clangor of battle; the heavens closed around them as the voices faded away singing "And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

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BARBARA REID

### Rain

Raindrops lick the pavement,  
Cover with glossy wet  
The gleam of light from  
Steel lamp posts towering  
Upward in the night. Bare  
Young dogwoods sparkle with  
Diamond buds. In the square  
Green statues shine softly  
Through the mist, and  
I feel clean again.

ELEANOR CRAIG

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### American Sound Track

Norman Rockwell would love our neighborhood. It's so typical of all that he paints—Americana. From the youngest (a very lusty three-months-old young man) to the oldest (a slightly stooped, gray-haired grandmother), we make up what might be termed the American way of life.

Each individual in this group has a different way of walking—of taking steps. The baby as he takes his first tottering step in front of proud parents is experiencing an entirely new phase in his short young life—a phase which expresses his feeling of uncertainty and hesitancy.



The many different steps of the many kinds of people speak of joy or sorrow, reflecting a person's feelings or perhaps his character:

the crisp, brisk step of the nurse efficiently carrying out the doctor's orders;  
 the joyful running step of the schoolboy glad to be free, glad that school is out;  
 the sure, light step of the young wife eager for life and all that it holds;  
 the unhurried tread of the farmer exposed to the rain and the sun and growing things;  
 the queer, ambling, shuffling gait of the old colored man at peace with the world;  
 the mechanic's firm measured step in rhythm with the strokes of hammers;  
 the grandmother's happy yet faltering step speaking of a rich, full life well lived;  
 the steadfast step of the minister as he lives what he teaches;  
 the quick, confident step of the young, free and alive;

and the resolute, marching step of the soldier fighting for the freedoms and the little things that make us America.

MARGARET BROOKS



## Summer Night

I'm not good at descriptions; so I rarely try to give one. However, there is one sight I once saw that was so beautiful I've never forgotten it; I'll try to tell you about it.

It was a very common thing—something that is so ordinary you never give it a second thought; yet it was the loveliest thing I ever saw. Just the moon rising up in Maine, in September, 1939. We had a cabin on a hill near Boothbay Harbor, up there, and there was a long porch at its back that seemed to perch on the edge of nothing. The view was magnificent—trees, hills, mountains, green and lovely. This particular night we were all on the porch about nine o'clock, talking and enjoying the cool night air, when suddenly a light shone on us from a distance. Startled, we looked around and saw the moon rising over the distant hills—a huge orange moon that looked like an electric light bulb. It hung so close to us in the sky it seemed as if we could reach up and touch it, and its glow lit up the peaceful, beautiful countryside. It gave us a good, restful feeling; and we thought that while there were things like that to see, the world wasn't so bad after all. Looking back at it now, in 1945, I can see the irony of that feeling as I couldn't then—for the night the moon rose in Maine, Hitler marched into Poland. I think those were the last truly peaceful moments we knew or will know until this war is over, and people have time to watch the moon rise again.

JEANNE SUESSMUTH



## Inspiration

The pedagogue called out to us,  
 "Go forth and find your star;  
 And let it guide you day and night,  
 No matter where you are."

You stood beside me on that night  
 Beneath the deepening blue;  
 I searched the heavens for a star,  
 Then found my star was you.

ANN TYSOR

## Dancing, or the Art of Self-Defense

"Come and trip it as you go, on the light fantastic toe," caroled the Happy Man. Not assuming myself to be an improvement over J. Milton, I cannot help thinking how much better it would be if it read, "Come and trip it as you go, on *your* light fantastic toe." Fate agreeable, perhaps my defenseless toes would not so often be crushed by the modern Fred Astaire commonly known as the "toe crusher."

There are all types of toe crushers, but they all have one thing in common—they think their obnoxious trickeries of footwork are masterpieces of the art of dancing, and they are not inclined to hide their talents.

First of all, there's the roving type. He is the most dangerous, for he is not my partner and I never know when he will appear. He moves viciously all over the dance floor, dragging his poor partner along with him. She, however, is in a better position than I am, for she can see which way he's gonna sling his feet next and dodge them—I can't. He just suddenly whams me from behind, leaving a big bruise on my shin as a token of his visit.

Then there's the bouncing type. I have to admire his rhythm. He just hops up and down, up and down; and—rare creature that he is—he always hops in time to the music. The trouble with him is that he inevitably seems to have no control whatever over where his feet land after each hop. There are various ways to try to escape this beating. I find that the best method is to time my hops opposite his so that while he is up, I am down, and vice versa. There is usually some complaint on his part for he thinks that I don't know how to dance. I just tell him that this is the latest thing, called the "off beat" step; and, pretty soon, I notice other couples around me doing it.

Again, there is the "jabber." He is a variation of the bouncing type. He bounces in rhythm and does pretty well except that now and then, when I least expect it, he tries to be fancy, loses his balance, and whack! I'm jabbed with his heel as he comes in for a three point landing. Nothing for me to do here but "grin and bear it."

I could go on writing dozens more pages about the "off-timer," the "hand-pumper," and numerous other egotistical, surreptitious steppers; but my reminiscent toes are aching—so, if you'll excuse me, I'll subject them to no more punishing thoughts at present.

DOROTHY SWAIN



## Some Day, Somewhere

The miles between us tonight are many; the hours seem like eternity. I wonder as I sit here what you are doing. Can you be killing while I think so tenderly of you? Are you working earnestly at the task you hate so much? Most of all, could you be thinking of me as I do of you? Where are you tonight—flying over the moonlit sea, or flying over the smoking ruins of hostile territory? Or could you be as I like to think of you, at your base, singing the songs of war-torn lands? These are the things that fill my mind as I sit here alone, my darling; and yet I am not really alone, for I know that time, distance, nor even the black face of death can separate love like ours. As I sit thinking of the past and you, I can hear only little noises out of the stillness of the night—crickets, the water splashing, a whippoorwill; a tear runs down my cheek, and I know that with God on our side, we shall be together again some day, somewhere.

JANE ROGERS

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## Sh-h-h-

The house is quiet, still, subdued;  
 Hushed the noises of the day.  
 The only sound is that of clocks  
 Ticking the night hours away.

The dog's put out; the doors are locked;  
 Lights are dimmed and movements cease.  
 Except for one lone mouse or two,  
 Silence reigns supreme with peace.

MARGARET BROOKS

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## Scraps of Papyrus

The girls were gaily chattering  
 Like magpies in the rain,  
 Until a plea for silence came  
 From President Martha Jane.

"Any poems today?" she asked,  
 With optimistic grin.  
 Miss Horne glanced once at Margaret Brooks,  
 And asked her to begin.

"Now, Margaret, you know you have  
 A poem for us today."  
 But Margaret shyly closed her eyes  
 And looked the other way.

"I have a poem," cried Barbara,  
 And read in mournful tone  
 "The night is sad and very drear,  
 Tonight I am alone."

The girls appreciatively sighed  
Till they were called to order;  
Then Annaionette a story read  
Called "Murder on the Border."

"Now here's a poem that Rachel wrote  
Which should be highly rated."  
But Rachel said, "Oh, Jane and I  
On that collaborated."

"And Carolyn Neel, what did you bring  
For us to hear today?"  
"I wrote an essay, dear Miss Horne,  
On throwing old letters away."

Dot Swain then read a poem of hers  
In voice that was forlorn:  
"To the Memory of My Beloved  
Teacher, Lucile Horne."

Jeanne Suessmuth read an article  
With wisecracks and with quips,  
And "Poky" Jones a summary  
Of biological trips.

An ode to solitude was read,  
Expressively and well;  
We sat in silence, for Hunt Harper  
Had us in her spell.

Miss Horne then read a story of  
A radical who fought  
Against conventions of the day,  
And 'twas the truth he taught.

"Now can you guess by whom this is?  
Tell me, I implore."  
The club with one accord exclaimed,  
"Of course, by Eleanor!"

ANN TYSOR







